

## right side

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## right side

by [cloudfarmer \(crunchylightbulbs\)](#)

### Summary

“What side of the bed do you sleep on?”

Dream furrows his brow in confusion. Did George really not hear him?

“What?”

“I said,” George says, yawning quietly. “What side of the bed do you sleep on?”

Or, I saw a cute tweet about dnf late night face timing and speedran this.

### Notes

literally just saw [this tweet](#) and had to write something. wrote this in like half an hour which is why it's so short/shitty but nghfdngh dnf <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream stares.

Shamelessly, he stares. At the side of George's face pressed into his pillow, cheek squished up against his nose. His hair is messy, even messier than it usually because of how long it's grown. Dream loves his long hair. Loves the way it covers the nape of his neck and curls around his ears. How now that his hair is long and thick enough for volume, his headphone dent is even more prominent even as he lies sideways in bed, hair ruffled from his pillow.

The only reason Dream is able to stare so openly is because George's eyes are closed. He's not sleeping - Dream knows his best friend well enough to tell even though it might look like he is. His face doesn't have the right amount of slackness just yet, and his lips are still quirked in a way that tells him George is still conscious enough to be listening to the sound of Dream's breathing. He might not be sleeping just yet, but he's almost there. He looks so peaceful like this. Dark eyelashes fanning across his cheeks, skin smooth and covers pulled up to his chin. Dream's chest aches with happiness that his friend is able to look this relaxed and content. But also beneath the pleasant warmth is a cold bitterness that Dream can't be there, laying in bed beside him.

Like George can somehow sense that Dream is moping, a single eye cracks open. Dream quickly averts his eyes trying to play off the fact it's obvious to the both of them that he was staring.

"We should probably hang up," Dream says softly, clearing his throat when the words stick, "you look like you're already half asleep."

"Mhm," George hums, eye closing once again, "not yet."

Dream makes a show of sighing, but quietly he's relieved. He doesn't want to hang up either. He wishes he never had to. Dream feels sick with how much he wishes that he didn't have to talk to his best friend through a fucking screen. How much easier would things be if George didn't live on the other side of the world? If only he wasn't an ocean and four thousand miles away. If only he was in arm's reach.

"What are you thinking about?" George says suddenly, startling Dream out of his bitter thoughts. George's eyes are open, again, staring at him in questioning through the screen.

"I was..." He hesitates, wondering if honesty is worth the embarrassing cost of truth. "I was thinking about how much I wish I could be there with you, so that we'd never have to hang up."

George blinks slowly. Dream isn't sure whether it's because he's thinking, or because he's so tired he didn't actually process what Dream said.

“What side of the bed do you sleep on?”

Dream furrows his brow in confusion. Did George really not hear him?

“What?”

“I said,” George says, yawning quietly. “What side of the bed do you sleep on?”

Dream is still confused, but it’s George, so he provides an answer without argument. “The right. Why?”

And then suddenly George is gone, speakers crackling as he moves, the phone screen filling with blurry patches of blue sheets and static. Dream wants to cry out, already mourning the loss of his friend’s face, but he doesn’t have to wait long before it reappears. For a moment George just stares, hair fanning out in a halo on his pillow. Quietly he lifts his phone, and then tilts it to display the right side of his bed; crinkled sheets and empty space.

“There. Room for you.” He says matter of factly. “Room for when we don’t have to hang up anymore.”

And just like that tears are stinging at the back of Dream’s eyes as he absolutely melts, falling apart and reforming all at once for the man watching him through the phone screen. God, George doesn’t even realise that he’s destroyed him with just a few words.

Dream laughs, fighting back the sappy tears. George might not be cruel, but even he wouldn’t give up the opportunity to make fun of Dream for crying right now.

“I sleep talk you know,” he says, fighting to keep his voice level, “apparently so loud Sapnap says he can sometimes hear it even from down the hall.”

George just smiles, the edges softened with affection and sleepiness. “Yeah I know. But I think if you put up with my kicking we’ll be even.”

“You kick?” Dream laughs lightly. “What, like a baby in the womb?”

George splutters at that. “No, you idiot. I just like, move around a lot.”

“Mhm okay, whatever you say.” Dream teases, but he’s smiling so wide it kind of defeats the purpose. George’s returning grin makes him feel a little less bad about it though. They slowly ease into quiet. Dream goes back to staring, but this time, George’s eyes are wide open. He’s staring too.

Hopefully the right side of George’s bed won’t have to stay cold for much longer.

## End Notes

hope you liked it :D

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